



Northern Light

NEWS FROM THE SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL CHURCH
DIOCESE OF ABERDEEN AND ORKNEY

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EASTER EDITION

Making all things new – a message from Bishop Anne:

In the Book of Revelation, the risen and enthroned Lord Jesus says;
'See, I am making all things new.' (Rev 21: 5)

He is speaking about taking things (and people) that are dead and giving them new life.

This stands in such a contrast to our current times, where we consume so much, and create more refuse than any generation before us. We are used to throwing things away when they are broken. In fact, many things are so expensive to mend that it really is cheaper just to buy a replacement.

But we cannot buy replacements for people. Those who have been lost to us because of death are here promised a new, renewed life following the resurrection of Jesus, who is

himself the beginning of a new creation. More than this, all those who feel old and worn, battered and broken, worn out and weary, can have new life breathed in to them.

This is true of our church communities, as we look to the risen Christ for new life, and of our Diocese, as we seek the renewing work of God for the next chapter of our common life.

And it is true for those who we meet that long for a new beginning but cannot believe that this is possible for them. Together we offer the hope of a new start, which is very good news indeed.

A very Happy Easter to you all.



Watch Bishop Anne's Consecration at: <https://aoepiscopal.scot/videos/consecration-bishop-anne-dyer/>.

A link to the order of service is available on that page and DVD copies are available from the Diocesan IT Officer.



This image, and the photograph of +Anne: Derek Ironside / Newsline Media

THE PRIMUS' SERMON AT BISHOP ANNE'S CONSECRATION

The Most Rev'd Mark Strange

One of the great pleasures of being Bishop of Moray, Ross and Caithness is that I get to live at Arpafellie. Bishop's House is a former Rectory sitting in the curtilage of St John's Church, one of the oldest churches in the diocese. From the house I can look out over the rolling fields of the Black Isle and onwards to the slopes and summit of Ben Wyvis, to the south I can see out over the hills towards the Cairngorms, and in front of me is farm land and forestry.

Now for an Aberdeen loon who lived his early life in the city, and in particular here around the cathedral, I had little real concept of the whole rural bit, but now I have learnt to lean on the wall and chat to the farmers, I go visiting the numerous shows and estates around the diocese, and I begin to understand the complexities of the farmers' life.

This appreciation also allows me to read many parts of the bible with fresh eyes, I now know that some sheep are led and not driven, some weeds are easier to leave in with the crop, and the skills required to discern which bag of seed goes with which piece of land is remarkable and complicated.

So, when Jesus talks of scattering the seed in today's Gospel and asking us to watch the shoots grow, then I now know that a lot of preparation must already have taken place.

Heavy clay, light loam, sandy topsoil, you see I've got all the lingo.

So, I am now very aware in my role as bishop that just as much skill is required in selecting the seeds that will make up the harvest of our mission fields.

One type of ministry might not work as well as another. Ministry for the city, ministry for the country, ministry with youth, and what about all those different styles of church which aren't or shouldn't be in competition with each other. They are just hopefully the right one for the right place.

And those church labels are just as amazing and fascinating as the farmers' seed labels.

Skyfall, Crusoe, Zulu, Dickens, High, Low, Charismatic, Catholic, Evangelical, the wonderfully understated middle of the road, always makes me think of flannels and cheese cloth, but that must be my age. These labels are great as long as they are used to bring in the harvest and not to compete for the same field.

The farmer needs the farm to work together if the harvest is to be a good one: right seed in right ground, right love and care, great result; wrong seed in wrong ground with no love and care, disaster.

So, farmer Anne that is your task, right seed in right ground, lots of love and care, great harvest.

And what gifts you have already been given: not only can you read the labels you know what they mean, you can teach theology, the many former students here today are testimony of that. You also know that labels are only valuable as a tool of discernment and placement.

What about the preparation? You know, and I have discovered, as this service was organised, that you plan and develop, that you can cut through the nonsense and get to the substance. I also remember your arrival with Charlotte Methuen at the College of Bishops to talk about training, you cut to the chase and terrified us all when we realised how little we actually knew. You then made us all feel loved and cared for, a wonderful gift.

Nurture, you know about nurturing those green shoots, encouraging and sustaining until the shoots can stand on their own, that you have shown through congregational development and diocesan planning.

Until we reach the harvest, as you talk and show through your life the love revealed to you in Scripture and through the power of the Holy Spirit, and a true harvest where all are gathered in, not just those who believe they are righteous but those who struggle, those who are down hearted, those whose lives are lived in difficult ways and in difficult places. You have a heart for justice and a heart for peace.

When I hand you this crosier of Aberdeen and Orkney you will already have received the gifts of your ordination, gifts given to allow you to lead the people of this diocese into the fields, to gather in the harvest.

So, what about all of you – those who will work with Anne, those excited about the thought, those a bit cautious about the thought, and those struggling with the thought of the whole thing – you the people of this diocese?

What is your role? Your role is to work with your bishop – of course, to listen to your bishop – I hope so, to debate with your bishop generously, but there is more. Anne will need you to care for her as she cares for you. Anne will need to be able to rely upon you as you rely upon her and you will need to learn to love her as you want her to love you.

There will be disagreements, challenges and at times arguments but if we are truly a family of faith which acknowledges and cherishes a great diversity and which also has a powerful desire to proclaim Christ's Kingship, then we do those things with love. How often 70 times 7, or until the harvest is gathered and the fields of Aberdeen and Orkney are filled with the praise of God.

Wearing a Cross

A Picturing Prayer Post by Bishop Anne



A bishop wears a pectoral cross. This is mine.

This cross is a thousand years old. It is a pilgrim's cross of Byzantine origin, made out of brass, with two decorated sides. On one side there is this image of Christ crucified. On the other side there is an image of Christ with his hands raised in prayer (orans). The cross can be opened, and between the two sides there is a

cavity that at one time might have contained a relic or something else considered holy. When it was made this cross would have been cheap, like a souvenir you might purchase from a cathedral shop. Long ago someone somewhere bought this because they wanted to follow Jesus Christ.

I chose this cross because it was something I already had. It reminds me that I am one of millions of ordinary people trying to be faithful to Jesus Christ in my life. It also reminds me that the Christian faith is passed down from one generation to the next. Ensuring that this is done with integrity and faithfulness is one of the tasks of a bishop. We believe today because we have been taught the faith (all of it, including its cost) by the generations that have preceded us. In the epistle reading set for Sunday 4 March, St Paul wrote: 'we proclaim Christ crucified'. As we enter deeper into Lent, we are reminded that this is our task as pilgrims today.

We adore you, O Christ,
and we praise you,
because by your holy cross
you have redeemed the world."

* * *

This article is from the new series of "Picturing Prayer" blog posts by Bishop Anne. You can view all of the available posts, and subscribe to receive future posts by email on the Diocesan Website:

<https://aoepiscopal.scot/picturing-prayers/>.

A Note from the Editor

Welcome to the one hundredth edition of Northern Light. To all who have contributed, a big thank you, it has been a busy few weeks!



The copy date for the Summer Edition is Friday 18 May 2018. It would be very special if every congregation were to send a photo and/or an account of Easter or a Spring activity. Please send them to office@aberdeen.anglican.org.

On a personal note: Avril, thank you for your care, enthusiasm and skill in assembling Northern Light.

Farewell Avril!



Our Bishop's Secretary, Avril Scott is due to retire on Thursday 31 May after eight years in the Diocesan Office. Avril has been an important member of the Diocesan staff team, sending us lots of emails, answering our many questions and excellently supporting us all since May 2010. Nothing has ever been too much trouble and it's with sadness that we will see her depart for the next chapter of her life.

We wish Avril, her husband Billy and their family every blessing for the future.

New Appointment at Ellon and Cruden Bay

The Revd Dr Dennis Berk has been appointed Rector of St Mary's Ellon and St James' Cruden Bay.

Dennis will be relocating here in April and installed by Bishop Anne on Thursday 3rd May at 7.30pm at St Mary-on-the-Rock, Ellon. All are welcome to attend.



A short Biography of Dennis is available at:

<https://aoepiscopal.scot/new-appointment-ellon-cruden-bay/>.

St Andrew's Cathedral makes history again!

Margaret Buyers and Athol Jermieson, members of St Andrew's Cathedral, reflect on the Consecration of Anne Dyer as the first woman bishop in the Scottish Episcopal Church.

In 1784, when the Diocese of London was slow in responding to the plea of the Independent America, Samuel Seabury travelled north to be made the first Bishop of America in the Chapel of St Andrew in Aberdeen. Nearly 234 years later, history was repeated in the Cathedral Church of St Andrew when Anne Dyer, a Canon of St Mary's Cathedral in Edinburgh was Consecrated the Bishop of the United Diocese of Aberdeen and Orkney 1pm on the Feast of St David, 1 March, 2018.

This consecration attracted much attention, both from within the Diocese, the City of Aberdeen and from around the world, because of the controversy precipitated by the protesting party of the diocese who called the Bishop Elect Anne to withdraw her Call to be the Bishop of the Diocese, rightfully elected. This required careful attention to details and equally careful planning of the security.

The days leading up to the Consecration added excitement with people from around the world travelling to be present at the service. The Cathedral was cleaned and polished as the event was scheduled to be live streamed. New vestments were ordered for the occasion. A special Introit was written and music composed for the occasion by Mr Bill Brown, former Organist and Choir Master of St Margret's Church in the Gallowgate, to welcome Canon Anne to Aberdeen and to the North East of Scotland. The words were in Gaelic, Doric, Latin and English celebrating the bonds of love of the People of God. Communion vessels were gathered from around the Diocese and people reading the Scripture, leading Intercession, assisting with the Communion were drawn from around the Diocese and from our daughter Church in the Diocese of Connecticut. This was a global event with a strong local flavour. The pioneering spirit of the founders of this ancient diocese was fully reflected and represented at this Service of Consecration.

God had the final word in turning this event into something most glorious where heavens opened and turned it into a winter wonderland with the whole of the city covered in snow. The indomitable spirit of the good people of the North East of Scotland was revealed in splendour when the Cathedral burst into singing, 'Christ is made the sure foundation'. All gathered in the Cathedral Church of St Andrew knew

then, what we are about! We declared then that not any man or woman, angels or saints but Christ is our sure foundation. When we made that audacious declaration, there could be nothing to stop us!

Every person present could acknowledge that the service was most moving, emotional, joyful, enjoyable. There was no doubt in the hearts and minds of the people gathered there that this is God's call and God's will and Anne did the only thing possible, to say YES to the one who called her in love, her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. When the Presenters from the Diocese and the Province declared with resounding clarity that they believed that Anne was called to be the Bishop of the United Diocese of Aberdeen and Orkney, the whole congregation joined in affirming it, loud and clear. It was unmistakeable that the Holy Spirit confirmed it.

Many people found the leading of the new Consecrated Bishop Anne by the Provost to her Cathedra most moving and deeply affirming of each of their call. The litany sung by the choir was another spiritual moment. The Primus made it simple and clear that the new Bishop had her job cut out like that of a farmer. It will involve, scattering and gathering, tilling and levelling, removing the weeds and gathering the seeds. It will be like a family affair, striving and loving, at times asking the loud ones to shut up and the quiet ones to speak up!

There is no doubt that this is the Lord's doing and it was marvellous in our eyes. The day continued with a sumptuous banquet afterwards at the Beach Ballroom where there was laughter and abundance of food.

The day was memorable and is historic. But, we at the cathedral hope and pray that we will not need to repeat this for at least another decade. So, please pray that God will bless our new Bishop with health and life that she may continue to serve the Lord in this diocese with joy and wisdom. Should anyone be in doubt, Bishop Anne's First Mass at the Cathedral had the distinct and clear marks of the good things to come. May God bless Bishop Anne, Roger and Millie among us and make this diocese a blessing in the North East of Scotland and beyond.

A Day in the Life of... the Diocesan Assistant Treasurer

So, what does this current Assistant Treasurer do all day? Whom does he assist and why? You might well ask although, out of politeness, no one has ever done so publicly until now. The principal role is obviously to carefully record and monitor the financial transactions of the Bishop's office. Unkind critics call this bean-counting: accountants valiantly pretend that such casual offence doesn't matter. It does.

High on the list of the assistant treasurer's responsibilities is the in-gathering of Quota. The calculation and allocation of quota has proved to be a very popular topic with vestries and their treasurers over the years: almost no one complains about the system. It's a very similar situation in the other six dioceses (even if ours is undoubtedly the fairest).

Inconveniencing vestry treasurers seems to be an inevitable concomitant of the post. Whether it's requesting Diocesan Returns or Accounts or financial reports about grants, or the health of charges, or just asking impertinent questions about their properties and investments, it's remarkably easy to cause irritation. Not that the same doesn't apply to the put-upon assistant treasurer. He, in turn, is regularly called upon to submit reports to the Provincial office, to OSCR and, of course, to the Finance & Property Board and other committees of the Diocese.

All of this is in the service of the Diocesan Trustees and under the supervision of the Honorary Treasurer. The good news is that the Diocese doesn't pay the honorary treasurer and it gets in return the added reassurance that comes from real professional expertise. In addition, we are all grateful to that nice Mr Bett in Edinburgh who is the Provincial Treasurer. He is definitely paid but dispenses generous advice and assistance to all. While still finding time to calculate the Provincial Quota bill.

For the bad news is that as long as the current financing model of the Scottish Episcopal Church remains, then there is congregational, diocesan and provincial treasury work to be done. Congregations will report to diocesan offices, diocesan offices will compile reports and send them to the Province and at the end of it all there will inevitably be bills. It is similarly organised across the whole country – although each diocese arranges itself slightly differently. But, how else could the administrative structures be maintained to support bishops and ministry and mission?

The editor suggested that financial work perhaps lacked excitement. In Aberdeen, however, the life of

the assistant treasurer is enlivened by contact with some of the world outside. As the three of us in the office are flexibly part-time, we all assume reception duties: conspiring to maintain the illusion of a full-time office. So, if you're met with a cheery put-down and a heavy dose of irony, you're talking to the assistant treasurer. Though, it is hoped, always delivered warmly and with a large dollop of self-deprecation. It has been said that there is much to be self-deprecating about.

To accompany this piece, a photograph was suggested. That's not going to happen. Interested readers are referred to the existing one on the website: it takes five years off.

Ian Fraser

Upper Deeside Lent Appeal Send a Cow



After last year's successful Lent Appeal for Toilet Twinning, this year the congregations of St Kentigern's Ballater and St Thomas', Aboyne, have moved on to cows! Our Lent appeal in both churches is for 'Send a Cow'. Send a Cow is an organisation that works in Africa. They work in Burundi, Ethiopia, Kenya, Lesotho, Uganda, Rwanda and Zambia. While they do indeed send cows – both dairy cattle and cows used for farm work – they also provide education and training. In some areas they may focus on land management to prevent soil erosion and deforestation; in other places, social development is the main priority for those unable to heal the scars of war.

They also send sheep, goats, chickens, pigs – whatever is appropriate to the local context – as well as providing seeds, plants, tools and other resources.

As congregations, our aim this year is to 'send-a-cow' from each church. A dairy cow costs £650, while a local cow costs £210. If we raise more than that amount other things will be bought as well. And if you want to buy something instead of an Easter egg – you could buy an Easter chicken for £7.

You can find out more details about the work of Send a Cow on their website: <https://www.sendacow.org/>.

Rev'd Vittoria Hancock



IAN FINDLAY

Ian was part of the group that interviewed me for the position of Priest at St Andrew's, Alford in 1998 and a member of the congregation till he and Patricia moved to Inverurie 17 years later.

He was a member of vestry for many years. We were all shocked and saddened by his sudden death and although by then he was living in Inverurie and attending St. Mary's, he often came back to St Andrew's if we were celebrating something special, usually calling me to make sure before he came and always much welcomed.

Ian was always very supportive and positive. He longed for the day when the church in general would come together again to present a united vision of Jesus.

Before he retired, Ian was a lecturer to student teachers and through his love of learning and teaching loved working in schools to share the Gospel. He was on various committees both in Britain and Europe looking at how Christianity was (or was not) being taught in schools and how it could be bettered. I attended a few conferences with him as he encouraged me in working with youth in school and often had literature for me to read if I wasn't able to go.

He encouraged and attended our then Funday Sunday which went from the 5th Sunday of the month to the 1st and eventually changing its name to "Think On Sunday". Ian always encouraged different ways to teach the Gospel and deepen our faith. He knew we all learn differently and, although a member of the Episcopal Church with our order of services, again felt that learning about Jesus and his teaching was the most important thing and encouraged different ways of doing it.

As I said before, Ian longed for unity in denominations and was always behind whatever we did with the Church of Scotland and the Roman Catholic Church who worshipped in St Andrew's also. He, as we all were, was disappointed when the Apostolic Church finally ended its use of St Andrew's around 2005 due to falling numbers.

My brother, who sang with Ian in the Aberdeen Choral Society, told me that a few days before he died, Ian asked my brother "How is Anne?" We remember Ian with thanks for his love and care for St Andrew's and pray he 'rests in peace.'

Anne James

MARGARET COX



Margie (as she was always called) died on New Year's Eve, following a sudden and devastating stroke. She had been a Lay Reader for over 30 years, having been trained in 1987 on the last Training for Ministry course run by this Diocese. From the start of her ministry it was obvious that her deep spirituality and her graciousness influenced all she did. She had a phenomenal memory and love for the Bible and for poetry alike, being able to quote and draw strength for herself whenever this was needed and she could and did share this with others. Her prayer life had a solid foundation based in her faith in Jesus Christ, and this undergirded all she was and all she did.

Margie served in St Mary's, Inverurie, and the other Donside churches to begin with, before in 2003 moving to St Andrews, Alford, where she quickly became Rev Anne James' 'right hand man' and dear friend. Margie ran a Tuesday Bible study till the end of her life, and fulfilled many tasks, if required, such as preaching, taking a school service in the church, being Lay Representative, and if really pushed, playing the organ! She had been a member of SERF, and for many years she would host a clergy retreat from her ancestral home Newton, near Inch. She never pushed herself forward or into the lime light, and was a humble soul despite her many, many gifts, but with a lovely twist of humour. She was convinced that she had been named Margie after her grandfather's Labrador.

Perhaps her biggest gift was in friendship and in meeting folk at their point of need both in the church and out of it. She supported many pastorally for that was where her heart lay. Amongst other things she was a Home Start volunteer, but I cannot go on to list her commitments as you can with so many people, because these were all carried out quietly and unobtrusively.

Somebody once said that when you were hugged by Margie, you remained hugged! Her love for her friends was an enabling love that strengthened and fortified them.

She left us all too early and we greatly miss her. Our condolences go particularly to her husband Christopher, daughters Lavinia and Alexandra, and her beloved and treasured six grandchildren.

Avril Hern

A Letter from the Front

From the Aberdeen & Buchan Churchman dated January 1917—one hundred years ago. The letter was received by the Rector of Inverurie from one of the congregational sons. It makes poignant reading!

B.E.F. France, 15th Dec., 1916

My dear Sir,

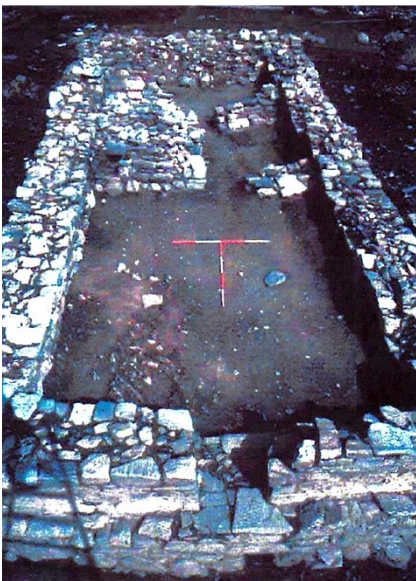
I now take the opportunity of writing a few lines since my advent to this new life, in simple terms, the real thing. It is now about a month since I entrained at the Base, along with some five and twenty comrades, for our Division. The weather was exceedingly fine throughout the journey, and tended to make it enjoyable, otherwise it would have been rather monotonous. The train started from Rouen about 4 p.m., and we were not well underway when we began to experience the novelties of the French railway system. There was evidently a steep gradient on that part of the line near to and running out from Rouen towards Abbeville. Anyhow the train came to a dead stop so suddenly that we were all pitched from our seats, and the general impression raised was engine had collided with the mouth of a tunnel which we were about to enter. Later we found that this phenomenon was due to an engine coupled on behind which had failed to act in conjunction with the one in front. This occurred over and over again for a great part of the journey, and was only one of the many strange features of a troop train in France. The later part of the journey to the railhead was over a purely military railway, the train being drawn by British engines. This was much better. Biscuit tins converted into braziers supplied the heat for cooking purposes, and many queer mixtures were consumed on the way. Altogether we were about 50 hours in the train, and I can assure you we were more than thankful when we joined our Company billeted in a certain village near the railhead. Next day we removed about ten kilometres to another village, where we were billeted in barns for two days preparatory to coming here. We are now living in huts in a quarter that was in German occupation before the great advance on July 1st of this year. All around are batteries of our

artillery, and they do keep us awake sometimes. I have been through several German dugouts, and they certainly look as if made for permanent abodes, but British shells and British Tommies soon expelled that idea. There are hundreds of little crosses here and there all over the country, which betoken the last resting-place of brave men, friend and foe alike. Many are decorated with relics from the field or small tokens cut in chalk by their comrades. Yes, it is only when you see for yourself you realise that the idea of the glory of war must have originated in the mind of the historian. War, to my thinking, has no glory, it is only to the heroic deeds of armies that we can attach any glory. There are many sad and pathetic scenes out here, but they only harden our hearts and make us set our teeth against the time when victory, final and satisfactory, has crowned our arms. The landscape presents to view an unterminating mass of earthworks, shell holes, and battered sandbag defences. It would require imagination of a Millais to reconstruct a picture of its pre-war time semblance. On the one hand we have a village where the only stones left standing form part of the one-time Church, now preserved as an artillery directing point. On the other hand is a village practically obliterated by a mine; its site is occupied by a huge mine crater. Personally I have not been up in the front line yet, as I have been employed in but, from what the boys say, between mud and wet I fancy it is about the limit of human endurance. Lastly, I may say, one thing stands out prominently above all other, and that is the smile that beams on each Tommy's face, the smile that drives dull care away. I will now close, wishing you all at the Rectory a merry and Christlike Christmas and good luck in the New Year.

I remain, etc

P.S. - I have read with regret of the many casualties among the Inverurie boys lately.

Henry Phankouth, Archdeacon of Shetland (1502-1529)



Site of the tithe barn



At an archaeological dig at Kebister, Shetland, between 1985 and 1987, was uncovered a large barn-like structure, which proved to be of post-medieval date. During the dig, an elaborately carved armorial stone was also discovered. The heraldic stone [pictured below] displays within an exotic tabernacle a chevron upon which the words ‘*Sine Paulisper*’ are cut in relief. Brian Smith suggests that this Latin phrase [wrongly spelt!] appears in both medieval and semi modern texts and really absurdly means, ‘*Wait a minute*’ or ‘*Bide a wee*’ in Scots. These discoveries led to the owner of tithe barn, one named Henry Phankouth, an erstwhile Archdeacon of Shetland. The building they adorned may have been a collecting point and temporary store for teinds (tithes) and rents delivered to the archdeacon in kind. But who was

Henry Phankouth and how did he get that peculiarly un-Scottish name?

Andrew Pictoris, a German academic became Bishop of Orkney in 1477 and his son, Henry Phankouth was probably born about 1470, just after his father arrived in Scotland. Henry’s letters of legitimation states he was said to be ‘*oriundus*’ or ‘*sprung, from the kingdom of Scotland*’! Sent to be educated at Cologne University, Henry matriculated in 1488. On his return to Scotland, the diocese of St Andrews ordained him priest following a Papal dispensation on account of his defect of birth. In 1497, Bishop Andrew travelled again to Rome and secured further letters of legitimation for Henry. The Bishop was preparing the ground for a job for his son, the lucrative Shetland Archdeaconry, which had become vacant along with official duties as a dignitary of the cathedral. It comprised a large estate in the Shetland Isles mainly in the most productive parishes. His future seemed assured until a problem arose. In the interregnum it appears that the Sinclairs, a powerful local family had colluded with the Danish Crown to institute their own candidate, Magnus Herwood, a Dane and ‘*family friend*’ of the Sinclairs, to become Archdeacon.



Arms of Henry Phankouth

Old political rivalries between the Sinclairs and the Bishop created a storm at the Scottish court, and letters were dispatched to the Sinclairs under pain of a charge of sedition, *not* to impede Henry Phankouth’s entrance to the Archdeaconry, to which he acceded in 1502. Although he was based and lived in Orkney, he visited Shetland at irregular intervals as required, probably commissioning the Kebister barn for storing his tithes during one of his visits to Shetland. “*The mystery solved.*” writes Brian Smith; “*we can imagine the bishop’s son, a bastard, now legitimate, the second most important official in the diocese, especially given that the bishop was almost always absent, deciding to build an imposing barn in Shetland, decorated with his beautifully carved but bogus arms.*” The building seems to have been little used probably because of the diminishing importance of the Church due to the oncoming Reformation, the clergy becoming little more than parish ministers. Henry Phankouth resigned his archdeaconry in 1529, living thereafter in the obscurity of island life. However, we can express curiosity over his name. *Phankouth* can be translated from the German to mean pancake maker or even pancake gorgier!

Stuart Donald

Acknowledgement is due to:

Brian Smith, Archivist of Shetland Islands Council who inspired me with his original research by publishing his findings in *The Innes Review* Vol 40 No 2 and for the picture of Phankouth’s arms.